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advance.

Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.

NATURE.

"Nature is but the name for an effect
Whose cause is God."—COWPER.
Nature, if our philosophers be right,
Is a magnificent machinery,
Moved by its own inherent energy,
All independently of our might,
With birds, whose ravings half a realm delight,
This 'e'en object that may worshipped be—
Both make Jehovah's works their deity;
And Him from his own world dispense with quite
Nature, in heaven's philosophy, unfold
The never slumbering agency of Him
Who formed all creatures—from the sar-
phim
To the minutest insect; who still moulds
The dew-drop; does the sun's lamp daily
trim;
And whose strong arm the universe upholds.

LIFE.

Life is onward: use it
With a forward aim;
Toil is heavenly;—choose it,
And its warfare claim;
Look not to another
To perform your will;
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.
Life is onward: never
Look upon the past;
It would hold you ever
In its clutches fast.
Now is your dominion,
Weave it as you please;
Bind not the soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.
Life is onward: try it,
Ere the day is lost;
It hath, virtue,—buy it,
At whatever cost.
If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.
Life is onward: heed it
In each varied dress;
Your own act can speed it
On to happiness.
His bright pinions o'er you
Time waves not in vain,
If hope chant before you
Her prophetic strain.
Life is onward: prize it
In sunshine and in storm;
Oh! do not despise it
In its humblest form.
Hope and joy together,
Standing at the goal
Through life's darkest weather,
Beckon on the soul.

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Post.

HEROISM.

AN INCIDENT OF NAPOLEON'S WAR WITH SPAIN.

BY MARY STUART.

It was early in the spring of 1808. Napoleon was prosecuting his glorious victories in Spain, and adding fresh laurels to his already overgrown laurel crown.

Murat was in Madrid, at the head of his troops. It is well known that Russia was at that period a friend to France. Baron Stroganoff, the Russian Ambassador to Spain, was, therefore, on excellent terms with Murat, and was in the habit of listening to his schemes of war, with a coolness of attention, the natural result of his neutral position, which made him, on more than one occasion, an excellent and valuable counsellor.

The following example of the success of his plans of his proposing affairs also a case of as rare youthful heroism, as ever fell to the lot of historians to describe.

Observing, as they sat together one evening, that Murat appeared perplexed, he inquired the reason.

A shadow passed over the fine countenance of Murat as he replied, "I am indeed perplexed, and this time the evil is beyond your reach."

"You are not so sure of that," replied the lively Russian, taking his cigar out of his mouth, "what is the matter?"

"The other King," as Murat was called in Italy, from his extreme love of dress, moved uneasily in his royal-backed arm chair.

"I am indeed perplexed," repeated he. "The fact is, that I have important despatches to send to General Junot, at Lisbon, and the difficulties which lie in my way, are, I fear insurmountable. All the roads, great and small, and even the woods, are filled with Spanish troops, or, what is worse, with marauding gnomes. I see no possible means of transmitting papers, and yet, my not doing so, may ensure consequences fatal to France."

The Russian Ambassador put his cigar in his mouth again, and fell into a fit of musing. Murat gazed in silence upon the ugly profile pictured on the wall by the light of the pair of tall candles. Suddenly he saw the wide mouth open.

"I have it! I have it; the easiest thing in the world. Admiral Sinavin, our Admiral, is in the port of Lisbon. Send me one of the bravest and sharpest, do you hear, of your Polish Lancers. He shall put on a Russian uniform, I will give him despatches for Admiral Junot; you can give him your instructions for the French General, verbally, and I will answer for it that all will be right, even though he should be taken prisoner twenty times between this and Lisbon. The Spanish army is too anxious to preserve the Russian neutrality, to make a message of mine a source of disagreement with my country."

Murat, though somewhat doubtful, liked the scheme. Seizing pen and ink, he wrote as follows to Brasiniski, the commander-in-chief of the Polish troops who had joined the French army.

"Despatches of moment are to be immediately forwarded to General Junot at Lisbon. Select for that purpose an intelligent and courageous young man from your troops, the best you have, and send him to me."

Two days after, a youth presented himself before Murat, for whom the Polish commander declared he would answer with his life. He was but eighteen years old and named Leckinski. Murat was not a little astonished to find the youth manifest the utmost eagerness to undertake this expedition, one of no common peril, for it discovered by the Spaniards, his fate would be certain death. He listened with a smile to all anticipations of danger and difficulty, and said, with a bow,

"If your imperial highness will give me my orders, I pledge myself to execute the mission. I am deeply grateful to your commander for having chosen me from among my comrades. There was not one who was not envious of the distinction."

Murat answered favorably of the young Pole's courage and intelligence. He gave him his verbal instructions, Baron Stroganoff supplied him with a bundle of unimportant messages to Admiral Sinavin. The young man was equipped in a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal on horseback.

During the first two days he pursued his course without molestation; but, on the afternoon of the third day, he was surrounded by a party of Spanish troops, who unhorsed and disarmed him, and conducted him before the general in command of the military force of the district. His name was Castanos.

Leckinski knew perfectly well that he was lost if suspected to be an adherent of the French. Consequently, he immediately resolved within himself not to utter a syllable of French but to confine himself entirely to Russian and German, which language he spoke with facility. The angry imprecations of the troops who conducted him to Castanos, sufficiently convinced him of the fate that would await him if his real character and destination was made known. The horrible death of General Rene, who only a few weeks previously had perished in torture for no other offence than that of attempting to join Junot, might well have shaken his fortitude.

"Who are you?" asked the Spanish General in French.

Leckinski looked at his interrogator, and replied in German, "I do not understand."

General Castanos understood German; but not wishing to occupy his own time with this business, he called one of the officers of his staff and gave the matter over to him. The examination was continued. The young Pole gave his answers alternately in Russian and German.

He was declared to be in the employ of the French. The furious excitement was increased, and his safety much endangered by a circumstance which now occurred. An aid-de-camp of Castanos, who had been one of the most eager to declare him a French spy in disguise, rushed into the room after a short absence, holding by the arm a peasant, in a brown jacket, and a high crowned hat, surrounded by a high feather.

Having forced his way through the crowd, he confronted his companion with Leckinski.

"Look at that man!" said he, "and then inform us if he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy! I would swear by my salvation," continued he, stamping his foot angrily to the ground.

The peasant for a few moments gazed steadily at the young Pole. Then his dark eyes kindled, and with a bitter expression of fury and hatred, he exclaimed:

"He is a Frenchman! he is a Frenchman!"

He then turned to the aid-de-camp and said, "Some weeks ago I went to Madrid with a load of hay for the barracks. This man is the one to whom I delivered the forage; he gave me a receipt for it. I stood beside him a long time, by the broken gate under the trees. When I saw him brought in to-day, I said to Antonio, yonder, Antonio my brother-in-law, 'There is the Frenchman to whom I delivered the forage.' 'Let him be shot, let him be shot!' exclaimed a dozen unruly voices.

"Shoot him! shoot him!" echoed from the crowd assembled to look at the windows at the 'French spy'.

"But, said an officer, 'is it prudent to expose ourselves to the risk of difficulties with Russia?' 'Certainly not,' replied another officer, 'but let it be proved that this man is really a Russian.'"

Leckinski heard all this, for he understood Spanish. He was led out, and locked up in a dungeon.

At the time of his arrest, he had not tasted food since the afternoon of the preceding day, and when the prison door was locked upon him eighteen hours had elapsed since he had partaken of any nourishment. And to the fatigue and anxiety he had suffered, and it will not be a matter of surprise that he threw himself in a state of utter exhaustion on a mattress which lay on the ground, and was soon asleep.

This being ascertained through a loop-hole in the wall, one of the officers returned to his own house.

His young and handsome wife was sitting on a yellow cushion, playing the guitar.

"Benita," said he, "we have we think, taken a French spy, but he pretends to be in the Russian service; that may be but a pretext, nevertheless we have not yet been able to make him betray himself. Woman's art will sometimes avail where man's sagacity has failed; come with me to the guard-house."

In that country of faithless wives, duennas and intrigues, Benita loved her husband. Her guitar was quickly laid aside, her yellow cushion rolled away, her mantilla thrown over her black hair.

Arrived there, the Spanish officer bade her look through the loop-hole, at the sleeping youth.

"I will wait here," said he, "do you go in, with a lamp, and throwing the light suddenly upon his face, awake him. When thus thrown off his guard listen to what he says, and watch his gestures."

Benita bowed her head, in token of obedience, the jailer opened the door noiselessly and she entered.

Leckinski had been asleep about two hours when some one softly approached his couch. It was Benita. A hand was held before the flame of the lamp, shade the glare from his eyes, and when the hand was withdrawn, he felt a gentle tap on his shoulder, and a sweet-scented female voice uttered the words, in French,

"Will you have some supper?"

Benita had a true woman's heart. She dreaded the idea of being accessory to the evil planned for this young man. His unprotected situation, his early years, filled her heart with pity. Still she dared not disobey. As she spoke she grasped his wrist with firmness which recalled his scattered senses as he awoke.

The young Pole, thus suddenly aroused from his slumber by the glare of light, and the words of the young woman, accompanied by the tap on his shoulders, was about to forget himself when the pressure of his wrist, by exciting his wonder, brought the circumstances of his situation clearly before him.

He raised himself quickly, and without opening his eyes, asked, in German,

"What do you say?"

"Send him some supper," exclaimed Castanos, upon hearing the result of his trial, saddle his horse, and let him continue his journey. He is no Frenchman. How could he have kept on the mask, when thus taken by surprise? The thing is impossible."

But Castanos did not exercise undivided authority. Leckinski's supper was sent to him, but he was not permitted to leave the dungeon until morning. He was then led to a place, whence he could behold the wretched bodies of the Frenchmen who had been caught and massacred by the Spanish peasantry. Here for the space of several hours he was watched by eyes and ears, eager to catch any unguarded word or gesture.

"Gentlemen," said General Castanos to his brother officers, "I am as fully aware as you, of the importance of preventing any communication between the different French commanders at present, in Spain; but we cannot, with justice, convict this young man upon the mere assertion of a peasant, who may be mistaken through resemblance, or misled by his financial patriotism."

It was a cheering relief to Leckinski to be led back to prison; although his mind was haunted by horrid images and melancholy forebodings, he, nevertheless, fell a second time into a profound sleep.

Another snare was now laid for him. Amid the silence which prevailed in the dungeon, the door was again softly opened, and the same harmonious voice which had addressed him the night before, said, in a low tone,

"Rise and follow me—you are saved—you are free."

But whilst Benita repeated by rote, in French the words she dared not refuse to utter, the same warning pressure of the wrist aroused his watchfulness.

Four cruel black eyes were watching the dungeon scene through a loop-hole in the wall.

They saw Benita—they heard the words—these blood-thirsty Spanish officers—but Benita's adroitness prevented their seeing anything more.

At the words "you are saved," Leckinski started up; but the grasp of Benita's slender fingers recalled his presence of mind, he replied as before, in German,

"What do you say?"

On being informed of the result of this new temptation, Castanos urged his immediate liberation; he was again over-ruled.

In the morning, the young Pole was conducted before a sort of court, composed of the officers of Castanos' staff. They addressed to him the severest threats, but firm in his resolution, he appeared not to understand one word of what they were saying. He inquired in German for an interpreter. One was at last produced.

He was asked what was the object of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon.

He replied by producing the despatches from the Russian Ambassador to Admiral Sinavin, and his passport. And, but for the unfortunate encounter with the peasant, these proofs might have been satisfactory, but he was still the object of suspicion.

"Ask him," said the President of the committee, "whether he is friendly to the Spaniards since he says he is not a Frenchman?"

The interpreter translated the question.

"Yes, doubtless," replied Leckinski. "I love and respect the noble character of the Spaniards, and I wish your nation and my own were united."

"Cononel," said the interpreter, in French the prisoner says he hates us, and he would like to see the whole nation united as one man, that he might annihilate it at a single blow."

Whilst these words were uttered the eyes of the whole assembly attentively watched the prisoner's countenance, to see what effect would be produced by this new trick or rather snare. He stood perfectly unmoved.

"Gentlemen," said General Castanos, "it appears to me that there is no ground of suspicion against this young man; and therefore he must be set at liberty, and allowed to pursue his journey immediately."

Accordingly, his arms and despatches were restored to him; and the brave young Pole, after passing through a series of trials which required almost superhuman fortitude and presence of mind, went on his way. He arrived safely in Lisbon, fulfilled his mission, and wished to return to Madrid; but General Junot, we are glad to say, refused to allow him to expose himself again the dangers he had so miraculously escaped.

Leckinski never saw Benita again. But a feeling of gratitude to the lovely Spaniard never left him. Leckinski often told the story to his friends, after his return to Poland, when the war was over.

I have heard, though knowing what human nature is, I can hardly believe it, that he never told it twice to the same person.

GENERAL PILLOW. The Federal papers are, one and all, throwing dirt—their proper vocation—upon this gentleman. They seem to have a very particular dislike to him. We account for this on two grounds;—he has proved brave officer, and he is a Democrat. If they keep on they will abuse the General into the Presidency, as they did Van Buren.

ANECDOTE. Rose, the private and confidential Secretary of Louis XIV, had married the daughter to M. Portail, President of the French Parliament. The husband was constantly complaining of the temper and disposition of his daughter. "You are right," said Rose, she is an impatient jade, and if I hear more complaints of her, I will disinheritor her." The husband felt no desire to make any more complaints of his wife.

Old parson Peters, Helbron, Conn. was a good deal of a wng. Having once married a couple a Mr. Partridge to Miss Brace, the parents of the bride requested he would wind up the ceremony by a short prayer, which he did in the following words: "God bless this brace of partridges."

A CHANGE FOR THE YANKEES. The British naval contract is announced for 5000 tonnes of beef, and 11,000 tonnes of pork, but this contract is not limited, as heretofore, to beef and pork cured in the United Kingdom, but admits contracts from all parts of the globe.

The state of Arkansas invites emigrants to come and take lands which have been forfeited for taxes, and no payment will be required of them. The auditor, upon proof of settlements will make a deed, which the supreme court has decided will be valid. The forfeited tracts comprise some of the finest lands in the state.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

The state of Mexico comprises the Valley of Mexico, a fine splendid region, variegated by extensive lakes, and surrounded by some of the loftiest volcanic peaks of the world. Its circumference is about 200 miles, and it forms the very centre of the great table of Anahuac, elevated from 6000 to 8000 feet above the level of the sea. In the centre of this valley stands the city of Mexico; the ancient Mexico or Tenochtitlan, having been built in the middle of the lake, and connected with the continent by extensive causeways or dikes. To new Mexico is three miles from the lake of Tezcuco, and nearly six from that of Chalco; yet Humboldt considers it certain, from the remains of the ancient *teocalli*, or temples, that it occupies the identical position of the former city, and that a great part of the waters of the valley have been dried up. Mexico was long considered the largest city of America; but it is now surpassed by New York, perhaps even by Rio Janeiro. Some estimates have raised its population to 200,000, but it may, on good grounds, be fixed at 120,000 to 140,000. It is beyond dispute the most splendid. "Mexico is undoubtedly one of the finest cities built by Europeans in either hemisphere; with the exception of St. Petersburg, Berlin and Philadelphia, and some quarters of Westminster, there does not exist a city of the same extent which can be compared to the capital of New Spain, for the uniform level of the ground on which it stands, for the regularity and breadths of the streets, and the extent of the squares and public places. The architecture is generally of a very pure style and there are even edifices of a very beautiful structure."

The palace of the late viceroys, the cathedral, built in what is termed the Gothic style, several of the convents, and some private palaces, reared upon plans furnished by the pupils of the Academy of the Fine Arts, are of great extent and magnificence; yet, upon the whole, its rather the arrangement, regularity, and general effect of the city, which render it so striking. Nothing, in particular, can be more enchanting than the view of the city and valley from the surrounding heights. The eye sweeps over a vast extent of cultivated fields, the very base of the colossal mountains, covered with perpetual snow. The city appears as if washed by the waters of the Lake of Tezcuco, which, surrounded by villages and hamlets, resembles the most beautiful of the Swiss lakes, and the rich cultivation of the vicinity forms a striking contrast with the naked mountains. Among these rise the famous volcano Popocatepetl and the mountain of Iztacchihualt, of which the first, an enormous cone, burns occasionally, throwing up smoke and ashes in the midst of the eternal snows. The police of the city is excellent; most of the streets are handsomely paved, lighted, and cleansed. The annual consumption in Mexico has been computed at 16,300 beavers, 279,000 sheep; 50,000 hogs; 1,000,000 fowls, including ducks and turkeys; 200,000 pigeons and partridges. The markets are remarkably well supplied with animal and vegetable productions, brought by crowds of canoes along the Lake of Chalco, and the canal leading to it. These canoes are often guided by females, who at the same time are weaving cotton in the simple portable looms, or plucking fowls and throwing feathers into the water. Most of the flowers and roots have been raised in *chinampas* or floating gardens, an invention peculiar to the new world. They consist of rafts formed of reeds, roots, and bushes, and covered with black saline mould, which, being irrigated by the water of the lake becomes exceedingly fertile. It is a great disadvantage to Mexico, however, that it stands nearly on a level with the surrounding lake, which, in seasons of heavy rain, overwhelms it with destructive inundations. The construction of a *desague*, or canal, to carry the waters of the Lake of Zumpango, and of the principal river by which it is fed, has, since 1829 prevented any very desolating flood. The *desague*, though not conducted with skill and judgment, cost \$5,000,000, and is one of the most stupendous hydraulic works ever executed. Were it filled with water, the largest vessel of war might pass by it through the range of mountains which bound the plain of Mexico. The alarms, however, have been frequent, and cannot well cease, while the level of that lake is 20 feet above that of the great square of Mexico.—Murray's *Encyclopedia of Geography*.

CAUTION.—Two dollar counterfeit bills of Eastern Bank, Bangor, are in circulation in this vicinity. They are of Perkin's old Stereotype Plate; and were put in circulation at the recent musters.—[Dover Gazette.]

A Mr. Hildreth of Gardiner, died in that place last Tuesday, of lockjaw, the result of a dreadful wound in the thigh, inflicted by a circular saw on which he fell while it was in motion.

Too Grateful.—A man whose house was recently destroyed by fire, published a card, in which he thanks his fellow citizens for making an unsuccessful attempt to save his furniture, and expresses a hope that he may soon have an opportunity to reciprocate the favor!

Young people should remember that their good temper will gain more esteem and happiness, than genius and talents of all the bad men that ever existed.

A SAILOR'S LETTER.—A good one is told by an English paper, of an old lady who had received a letter from her son, a sailor on board a merchantman, which ran thus:

"We have been driven into the Bay of Fundy by a pampooa right in the teeth. It blowed great guns, and we carried away the bow-sprit; a heavy sea washed overboard the binnacle and compass; the captain lost his quadrant, and could not take an observation for fifteen days; at last we arrived safe at Halifax."

The old woman, who could not read herself, got a neighbor to repeat to her there or four times, until she thought she had got it by heart; she then sallied out to tell the story.

"Oh, my poor son!"

"Why, what's the matter, mother—I hope no mischief?"

"O thank God, he's safe—but he has been driven into the bay of Firmament by a bamboo right in the teeth—it blowed great guns, and they carried away the pulpit—a heavy sea washed overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle—the captain lost his conjugation, and couldn't get any salvation for fifteen days—at last they arrived safe at Hallelujah."

"Lord bless us! what a wonder they warn't beat to atoms!"

CLERICAL ANECDOTE. The Rev. Mr. —, a Scotch minister of some humor, was one day walking through the streets of Edinburg dressed in his rough country clothes, when a young lady, the leader of a group of fashionable belles, surveyed him through her quizzing glass rather more curiously than he thought consistent with female delicacy. Seemingly suddenly to recognize her, he walked briskly up to her, and seizing her hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, accosted her with:

"My dear Maria! how do you do!—how lost you your worthy father and venerable mother? and when did you come to town?"

All this was expressed with an energy and rapidity of a surprised recognition of an old and familiar friend—and with an air of equality, a little savoring of superiority. The astonished fair one had not time to withdraw her hand or to make reply, until he paused as if out of breath and waited for her to return his friendly greetings, looking her full in the face. The fine young lady, had by this time recovered from her confusion, and hastily withdrawing her hand, said with some alarm:

"You are mistaken, sir."

"What," replied he, "is it possible my dear, that you do not know me?"

"Indeed I do not, sir."

"Neither do I you," said the parson; "good morning madam!—and making a ceremonious bow, he walked away."

She was perfectly cured of quizzing strangers in the street.

ABD-EL-KADER.

The Paris Journal does Debats publishes the following letter, dated Tetnan, the 9th inst. contains some curious details relative to Abd-el-Kader and the Emperor Abderahman:

"Abd-el-Kader, whose power was supposed to be ruined, has suddenly arisen from his inactivity and menaces the throne of Mulley Abderahman. The Emperor, who has received him into his dominion with a certain appearance of benevolence, and who treated him with a degree of respect of which we had a right to complain, now perceives to late that he has been warming a serpent in his bosom, as he himself said when he learned the movement of the ex-Emir. Since Abd-el-Kader has removed his mask he has observed no restraint. He treats the Rif as a conquered country, and executes razzias amongst the tribes who refuse to acknowledge his authority. He raises troops and levies taxes, and a short time after his last exploit against Sidi Ahmed, the late governor of the Rif he attacked the great tribes of the Khalela, whom he has pillaged in a most pitiless manner. He emptied their corn stores, and required moreover, a large sum of money. Thence he marched towards the territory of the Benj-Touatin, and after having degraded the chief of that tribe, who endeavored to oppose his influence, he approached Taza, bringing in his suit innumerable flocks of cattle, and a large supply of wheat and barley. The ranks of his army are every day filling, and he has already 8000 men under his command, of whom 3000 are cavalry. The tribe of the Mkalas, one of the most powerful of the Rif, and which is completely devoted to him, has supplied him with 800 cavalry fully equipped. Abd-el-Kader feels himself sufficiently powerful openly to brave the Emperor, and he has succeeded in inspiring his troops with that degree of confidence which leads to victory. On his side, Mulley Abderahman is making extensive preparations, and we are assured that he is determined to meet the Emir in person. He has collected a large quantity of military stores at Rabat and Fez, and for some time past his regular troops have been exercised in firing at a target in the various cities of the empire; he has likewise ordered that all the renegades in his dominions shall be formed into one regiment, and sent to Fez. It appears however that the Emperor will not undertake any expedition until after the fast of the Rhamadan, which is about to commence. He quitted the city of Morocco a month since, and has not yet arrived at Fez. He has

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POETRY.

NATURE.

"Nature is but the name for an effect
Whose cause is God."—Cowper.
Nature, if our philosophers be right,
Is a magnificent machinery,
Moved by its own inherent energy,
All independently of other might,
With birds, whose ravings half a realm delight,
'Tis e'en object that may worshipped be—
Both make Jehovah's works their deity;
And Him from his own world dispense with quite.
Nature, in heaven's philosophy, unfold
The never slumbering agency of Him
Who formed all creatures—from the sara-
phim.
To the minutest insect; who still moulds
The dew-drop; does the sun's lamp daily
trim;
And whose strong arm the universe upholds.

LIFE.

Life is onward: use it
With a forward aim;
Toil is heavenly—choose it,
And its warfare claim;
Look not to another
To perform your will;
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.

Life is onward: never
Look upon the past;
It would hold you ever
In its clutches fast.
Now is your dominion,
Weave it as you please;
Mind not the soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.

Life is onward: try it,
Ere the day is lost;
It hath, virtue—buy it,
At whatever cost.
If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.

Life is onward: heed it
In each varied dress;
Your own act can speed it
On to happiness.
His bright pinions o'er you
Time waves not in vain,
If Hope chant before you
Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward: prize it
In sunshine and in storm;
Oh! do not despise it
In its humblest form.
Hope and joy together,
Standing at the goal
Through life's darkest weather,
Beckon on the soul.

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HEROISM.

AN INCIDENT OF NAPOLEON'S WAR WITH SPAIN.

BY MARY STUART.

It was early in the spring of 1808. Napoleon was prosecuting his glorious victories in Spain, and adding fresh laurels to his already overgrown laurel crown.

Murat was in Madrid, at the head of his troops. It is well known that Russia was at that period a friend to France. Baron Stroganoff, the Russian Ambassador to Spain, was, therefore, on excellent terms with Murat, and was in the habit of listening to his schemes of war, with a coolness of attention, the natural result of his neutral position, which made him, on more than one occasion, an excellent and valuable counsellor.

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Observing, as they sat together one evening, that Murat appeared perplexed, he inquired the reason.

A shadow passed over the fine countenance of Murat as he replied, "I am indeed perplexed, and this time the evil is beyond my reach."

"You are not so sure of that," replied the lively Russian, taking his cigar out of his mouth, "what is the matter?"

"The King," as Murat was called in Italy, from his extreme love of dress, moved uneasily in his royal-backed arm chair.

"I am indeed perplexed," repeated he. "The fact is, that I have important despatches to send to General Junot, at Lisbon, and the difficulties which lie in my way, are, I fear insurmountable. All the roads, great and small, and even the woods, are filled with Spanish troops, or, what is worse, with marauding guerillas. I see no possible means of transmitting papers, and yet, my not doing so, may ensure consequences fatal to France."

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Murat, though somewhat doubtful, liked the scheme. Seizing pen and ink, he wrote as follows to Drasinski, the commander-in-chief of the Polish troops who had joined the French army.

"Despatches of moment are to be immediately forwarded to General Junot at Lisbon. Select for that purpose an intelligent and courageous young man from your troops, the best you have, and send him to me."
MURAT.

Two days after, a youth presented himself before Murat, for whom the Polish commander declared he would answer with his life. He was but eighteen years old, and named Leckinski. Murat was not a little astonished to find the youth manifest the utmost eagerness to undertake this expedition, one of no common peril, for if discovered by the Spaniards, his fate would be certain death. He listened with a smile to all anticipations of danger and difficulty, and said, with a bow,

"If your imperial highness will give me my orders, I pledge myself to execute the mission. I am deeply grateful to my commander for having chosen me from among my comrades. There was not one who was not emulous of the distinction."

Murat augured favorably of the young Pole's courage and intelligence. He gave him his verbal instructions, Baron Stroganoff supplied him with a bundle of unimportant messages to Admiral Sinavin. The young man was equipped in a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal on horseback.

During the first two days he pursued his course without molestation; but, on the afternoon of the third day, he was surrounded by a party of Spanish troops, who unhorsed and disarmed him, and conducted him before the general in command of the military force of the district. His name was Castanos.

Leckinski knew perfectly well that he was lost if suspected to be an adherent of the French. Consequently, he immediately resolved within himself not to utter a syllable of French, but to confine himself entirely to Russian and German, which language he spoke with facility. The angry imprecations of the troops who conducted him to Castanos, sufficiently convinced him of the fate that would await him if his real character and destination was made known. The horrible death of General Rene, who only a few weeks previously, had perished in torture for no other offence than that of attempting to join Junot, might well have shaken his fortitude.

"Who are you?" asked the Spanish General in French.

Leckinski looked at his interrogator, and replied in German, "I do not understand."

General Castanos understood German; but, not wishing to occupy his own time with this business, he called one of the officers of his staff and gave the matter over to him. The examination was continued. The young Pole gave his answers alternately in Russian and German.

The furious excitement was increased, and his safety much endangered by a circumstance which now occurred. An aide-de-camp of Castanos, who had been one of the most eager to declare him a French spy in disguise, rushed into the room after a short absence, holding by the arm a peasant, in a brown jacket, and a high crowned hat, surrounded by a high feather.

Having forced his way through the crowd, he confronted his companion with Leckinski.

"Look at that man!" said he, "and then inform us if he is a German or a Russian. He is a spy, I would swear by my salvation," continued he, stamping his foot angrily to the ground.

The peasant for a few moments gazed steadily at the young Pole. Then his dark eyes kindled, and with a bitter expression of fury and hatred, he exclaimed:

"He is a Frenchman! he is a Frenchman!"

He then turned to the aide-de-camp and said, "Some weeks ago I went to Madrid with a load of hay for the barracks. This man is the one to whom I delivered the forage; he gave me a receipt for it. I stood beside him a long time, by the broken gate under the trees. When I saw him brought in to-day, I said to Antonio, yonder, Antonio my brother-in-law, 'There is the Frenchman to whom I delivered the forage.' 'Let him be shot, let him be shot,' exclaimed a dozen unruly voices.

"Shoot him! shoot him!" roared from the crowd assembled to look at the windows at the French spy.

"But, said an officer, 'is it prudent to expose ourselves to the risk of difficulties with Russia?' 'Certainly not,' replied another officer, 'but let it be proved that this man is really a Russian.'"

Leckinski heard all this, for he understood Spanish. He was led out, and locked up in a dungeon.

At the time of his arrest, he had not tasted food since the afternoon of the preceding day, and when the prison door was locked upon him eighteen hours had elapsed since he had partaken of any nourishment. And to the fatigue and anxiety he had suffered, and it will not be a matter of surprise that he threw himself in a state of utter exhaustion on a mattress which lay on the ground, and was soon asleep.

This being ascertained through a loop-hole in the wall, one of the officers returned to his own house.

His young and handsome wife was sitting on a yellow cushion, playing the guitar.

"Benita," said he, "we have we think, taken a French spy, but he pretends to be in the Russian service; that may be but a pretext, nevertheless we have not yet been able to make him betray himself. Woman's art will sometimes avail where man's sagacity has failed; come with me to the guard-house."

In that country of faithless wives, duennas and intrigues, Benita loved her husband. Her guitar was quickly laid aside, her yellow cushion rolled away, her mantilla thrown over her black hair.

Arrived there, the Spanish officer bade her look through the loop-hole, at the sleeping youth.

"I will wait here," said he, "do you go in, with a lamp, and throwing the light suddenly upon his face, awake him. When thus thrown off his guard listen to what he says, and watch his gestures."

Benita bowed her head, in token of obedience, the jailer opened the door noiselessly and she entered.

Leckinski had been asleep about two hours when some one softly approached his couch. It was Benita. A hand was held before the flame of the lamp, shade the glare from his eyes, and when the hand was withdrawn, he felt a gentle tap upon his shoulder, and a sweetened female voice uttered the words, in French,

"Will you have some supper?"

Benita had a true woman's heart. She dreaded the idea of being accessory to the evil planned for this young man. His unprotected situation, his early years, filled her heart with pity. Still she dared not disobey. As she spoke she grasped his wrist with firmness which recalled his scattered senses as he awoke.

The young Pole, thus suddenly aroused from his slumber by the glare of light, and the words of the young woman, accompanied by the tap on his shoulder, was about to forget himself, when the pressure of his wrist, by exciting his wonder, brought the circumstances of his situation clearly before him.

He raised himself quickly, and without opening his eyes, asked, in German,

"What do you say?"

"Send him some supper," exclaimed Castanos, upon hearing the result of his trial, "slide his horse, and let him continue his journey. He is no Frenchman. How could he have kept on the mask, when thus taken by surprise? The thing is impossible!"

But Castanos did not exercise undivided authority. Leckinski's supper was sent to him, but he was not permitted to leave the dungeon until morning. He was then led to a place, whence he could behold the wretched bodies of the Frenchmen who had been caught and massacred by the Spanish peasantry. Here for the space of several hours he was watched by eyes and ears, eager to catch any unguarded word or gesture.

"Gentlemen," said General Castanos to his brother officers, "I am as fully aware as you, of the importance of preventing any communication between the different French commanders at present, in Spain; but we cannot, with justice, convict this young man upon the mere assertion of a peasant, who may be mistaken through resemblance, or misled by his fanatical patriotism."

It was a cheering relief to Leckinski to be led back to prison; although his mind was haunted by horrid images and melancholy forebodings, he, nevertheless, fell a second time into a profound sleep.

Another snore was now laid for him. Amid the silence which prevailed in the dungeon, the door was again softly opened, and the same harmonious voice which had addressed him the night before, said, in a low tone,

"Rise and follow me—you are saved—your horse is waiting."

But whilst Benita repeated by rote, in French the words she dared not refuse to utter, the same warning pressure of the wrist asserted his watchfulness.

Four cruel black eyes were watching the dungeon scene through a loop-hole in the wall.

"They saw Benita—they heard the words—these blood thirsty Spanish officers—but Benita's adroitness prevented their seeing anything more."

At the words "you are saved," Leckinski started up; but the grasp of Benita's slender fingers recalled his presence of mind, he replied as before, in German,

"What do you say?"

On being informed of the result of this new temptation, Castanos urged his immediate liberation; he was again over-ruled.

In the morning, the young Pole was conducted before a sort of court, composed of the officers of Castanos' staff. They addressed to him the severest threats, but firm in his resolution, he appeared not to understand one word of what they were saying. He inquired in German for an interpreter. One was at last produced.

He was asked what was the object of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon.

He replied by producing the despatches from the Russian Ambassador to Admiral Sinavin, and his passport. And, but for the unfortunate encounter with the peasant, these proofs might have been satisfactory, but he was still the object of suspicion.

"Ask him," said the President of the committee, "whether he is friendly to the Spaniards since he says he is not a Frenchman?"

The interpreter translated the question.

"Yes, doubtless," replied Leckinski. "I love and respect the noble character of the Spaniards, and I wish your nation and my own were united."

"Cononel," said the interpreter, in French the prisoner says he hates us, and he would like to see the whole nation united as one man, that he might annihilate it at a single blow."

Whilst these words were uttered the eyes of the whole assembly attentively watched the prisoner's countenance, to see what effect would be produced by this new trick or rather snare. He stood perfectly unmoved.

"Gentlemen," said General Castanos, "it appears to me that there is no ground of suspicion against this young man; and therefore he must be set at liberty, and allowed to pursue his journey immediately."

Accordingly, his arms and despatches were restored to him; and the brave young Pole, after passing through a series of trials which required almost superhuman fortitude and presence of mind, went on his way. He arrived safely in Lisbon, fulfilled his mission, and wished to return to Madrid; but General Junot, who was glad to say, refused to allow him to expose himself again the dangers he had so miraculously escaped.

Leckinski never saw Benita again. But a feeling of gratitude to the lovely Spaniard never left him. Leckinski often told the story to his friends, after his return to Poland, when the war was over.

I have heard, though knowing what human nature is, I can hardly believe it, that he never told it twice to the same person.

GENERAL FELLOW. The Federal papers are, one and all, throwing dirt—their proper avocation—upon this gentleman. They seem to have a very particular dislike to him. We account for this on two grounds—he has proved brave officer, and he is a Democrat. If they keep on they will abuse the General into the Presidency, as they did Van Buren.

ANECDOTE. Rose, the private and confidential Secretary of Louis XIV, had married his daughter to M. Portail, President of the French Parliament. The husband was constantly complaining of the temper and disposition of his daughter. "You are right," said Rose, she is an impatient jade, and if I hear more complaints of her, I will disinherit her." The husband felt no desire to make any more complaints of his wife.

Old parson Peters, Hebron, Conn. was a good deal of a wag. Having once married a couple a Mr. Partridge to Miss Bruce, the parents of the bride requested he would wind up the ceremony by a short prayer, which he did in the following words: "God bless this brace of partridges."

A CHANCE FOR THE YANKEES. The British naval contract is announced for 5000 tonnes of beef, and 11,000 tonnes of pork, but this contract is not limited, as heretofore, to beef and pork cured in the United Kingdom, but admits contracts from all parts of the globe.

The state of Arkansas invites emigrants to come and take lands which have been forfeited for taxes, and no payment will be required of them. The auditor, upon proof of settlements, will make a deed, which the supreme court has decided will be valid. The forfeited tracts comprise some of the finest lands in the state.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.

The state of Mexico comprises the Valley of Mexico, a fine splendid region, variegated by extensive lakes, and surrounded by some of the loftiest volcanic peaks of the world. Its circumference is about 200 miles, and it forms the very centre of the great table of Anahuac, elevated from 6000 to 8000 feet above the level of the sea. In the centre of this valley stands the city of Mexico; the ancient Mexico or Tenichdilan, having been built in the middle of the lake, and connected with the continent by extensive causeways or dikes. To new Mexico is three miles from the lake of Tezcuco, and nearly six from that of Chalco; yet Humboldt considers it certain, from the remains of the ancient *teocalli*, or temples, that it occupies the identical position of the former city, and that a great part of the waters of the valley have been dried up. Mexico was long considered the largest city of America; but it is now surpassed by New York, perhaps even by Rio Janeiro. Some estimates have raised its population to 200,000, but it may, on good grounds, be fixed at 120,000 to 140,000. It is beyond dispute the most splendid. "Mexico is undoubtedly one of the finest cities built by Europeans in either hemisphere; with the exception of St. Petersburg, Berlin and Philadelphia, and some quarters of Westminster, there does not exist a city of the same extent which can be compared to the capital of New Spain, for the uniform level of the ground on which it stands, for the regularity and breadth of the streets, and the extent of the squares and public places. The architecture is generally of a very pure style and there are even edifices of a very beautiful structure."

The palace of the late viceroys, the cathedral, built in what is termed the Gothic style, several of the convents, and some private palaces, reared upon plans furnished by the pupils of the Academy of the Fine Arts, are of great extent and magnificence; yet, upon the whole, it is rather the arrangement, regularity, and general effect of the city, which render it so striking. Nothing, in particular, can be more enchanting than the view of the city and valley from the surrounding heights. The eye sweeps over a vast extent of cultivated fields, the very base of the colossal mountains, covered with perpetual snow. The city appears as if washed by the waters of the Lake of Tezcuco, which, surrounded by villages and hamlets, resembles the most beautiful of the Swiss lakes, and the rich cultivation of the vicinity forms a striking contrast with the naked mountains. Among these rise the famous volcano Popocatepetl and the mountain of Iztaccihuatl, of which the first, an enormous cone, burns occasionally, throwing up smoke and ashes in the midst of the eternal snows. The police of the city is excellent; most of the streets are handsomely paved, lighted, and cleaned. The annual consumption in Mexico has been computed at 16,300 beavers, 279,000 sheep; 60,000 hogs; 1,600,000 fowls, including ducks and turkeys; 200,000 pigeons and partridges. The markets are remarkably well supplied with animal and vegetable productions, brought by crowds of canoes along the Lake of Chalco, and the canal leading to it. These canoes are often guided by females, who at the same time are weaving cotton in the simple portable looms, or plucking fowls and throwing feathers into the water. Most of the flowers and roots have been raised in *chinampas* or floating gardens, an invention peculiar to the new world. They consist of rafts formed of reeds, roots, and bushes, and covered with black saline mould, which, being irrigated by the water of the lake becomes exceedingly fertile. It is a great disadvantage to Mexico, however, that it stands nearly on a level with the surrounding lake, which, in seasons of heavy rain, overwhelms it with destructive inundations. The construction of a *desague*, or canal, to carry the waters of the Lake of Xumpango, and of the principal river by which it is fed, has, since 1829 prevented any very desolating flood. The *desague*, though not conducted with skill and judgment, cost \$5,000,000, and is one of the most stupendous hydraulic works ever executed. Were it filled with water, the largest vessel of war might pass by it through the range of mountains which bound the plain of Mexico. The alarms, however, have been frequent, and cannot well cease while the level of that lake is 20 feet above that of the great square of Mexico.—*Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography*.

CATTON.—Two dollar counterfeit bills of Eastern Bank, Bangor, are in circulation in this vicinity. They are of Perkin's old Stereotype Plate; and were put in circulation at the recent musters.—[Dover Gazette.]

A Mr. Mildred of Gardiner, died in that place last Tuesday, of lockjaw, the result of a dreadful wound in the thigh, inflicted by a circular saw, on which he fell while it was in motion.

Too Grateful.—A man whose house was recently destroyed by fire, published a card, in which he thanks his fellow citizens for making an unsuccessful attempt to save his furniture, and expresses a hope that he may soon have an opportunity to reciprocate the favor!

Young people should remember that their good nature will gain more esteem and happiness, than genius and talents of all the bad men that ever existed.

A SAILOR'S LETTER.

A good one is told by an English paper, of an old lady who had received a letter from her son, a sailor on board a merchantman, which ran thus:

"We have been driven into the Bay of Fundy by a pampoose right in the teeth. It blew great guns, and we carried away the bow-spit; a heavy sea washed overboard the binnacle and companion; the captain lost his quadrant, and could not take an observation for fifteen days; at last we arrived safe at Halifax."

The old woman, who could not read herself, got a neighbor to repeat to her there or four times, until she thought she had got it by heart; she then sallied out to tell the story.

"Oh, my poor son!"

"Why, what's the matter, mother—I hope no mischief?"

"O thank God, he's safe—but he has been driven into the bay of Firmament by a bamboozle right in the teeth—it blew great guns, and they carried away the pulpit—a heavy sea washed overboard the pinnacle of the tabernacle—the captain lost his confutation, and couldn't get any salvation for fifteen days—at last they arrived safe at Hallelelujah."

"Lord bless us! what a wonder they warn't beat to atoms!"

CLERICAL ANECDOTE.

The Rev. Mr. — a Scotch minister of some humor, was one day walking through the streets of Edinburgh dressed in his rough country clothes, when a young lady, the leader of a group of fashionable belles, surveyed him through her quizzing glass rather more curiously than he thought consistent with female delicacy. Seemingly suddenly to recognize her, he walked briskly up to her, and seizing her hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, accosted her with:

"My dear Maria! how do you do!—how left you your worthy father and venerable mother? and when did you come to town?"

All this was expressed with an energy and rapidity of a surprised recognition of an old and familiar friend—and with an air of equality, a little savouring of superiority. The astonished fair one had not time to withdraw her hand or to make reply, until he paused as if out of breath and waited for her to return his friendly greetings, looking her full in the face. The fine young lady, had by this time recovered from her confusion, and hastily withdrawing her hand, said with some alarm:

"You are mistaken, sir."

"What," replied he, "is it possible my dear, that you do not know me?"

"Indeed I do not, sir."

"Neither do I you," said the parson; "good morning madam!"—and making a ceremonious bow, he walked away.

She was perfectly cured of quizzing strangers in the street.

ABD-EL-KADER.

The Paris Journal does Debats publishes the following letter, dated Tetuan, the 9th inst. contains some curious details relative to Abd-el-Kader and the Emperor Abderrahman:

"Abd-el-Kader, whose power was supposed to be ruined, has suddenly arisen from his inactivity and menaces the throne of Mulley Abderrahman. The Emperor, who has received him into his dominion with a certain appearance of benevolence, and who treated him with a degree of respect of which we had a right to complain, now perceives to late that he has been warming a serpent in his bosom, as he himself said when he learned the movement of the Emir. Since Abd-el-Kader has removed his mask he has observed no restraint. He treats the Rif as a conquered country, and executes razzias amongst the tribes who refuse to acknowledge his authority. He raises troops and levies taxes, and a short time after his last exploit against Sidi Ahmd, the late governor of the Rif he attacked the great tribes of the Khalela, whom he has pillaged in a most pitiless manner. He emptied their corn stores, and required moreover, a large sum of money. Thence he marched towards the territory of the Benj-Tousin, and after having degraded the chief of that tribe, who endeavored to oppose his influence, he approached Taza, bringing in his suit innumerable flocks of cattle, and a large supply of wheat and barley. The ranks of his army are every day swelling, and he has already 8000 men under his command, of whom 3000 are cavalry. The tribe of the Mkalas, one of the most powerful of the Rif, and which is completely devoted to him, has supplied him with 800 cavalry fully equipped. Abd-el-Kader feels himself sufficiently powerful openly to brave the Emperor, and he has succeeded in inspiring his troops with that degree of confidence which leads to victory. On his side, Mulley Abderrahman is making extensive preparations, and we are assured that he is determined to meet the Emir in person. He has collected a large quantity of military stores at Rabat and at Fez, and for some time past his regular troops have been exercised in firing at a target in this various cities of the empire; he has likewise ordered that all the renegades in his dominions shall be formed into one regiment, and sent to Fez. It appears however that the Emperor will not undertake any expedition until after the fast of the Rhamadan, which is about to commence. He quitted the city of Morocco a month since, and has not yet arrived at Fez. He has

INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES, like all other inflammation, is caused by impurity of the blood. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills will be found a certain cure for the above painful malady; because they purge from the body those corrupt and stagnant humors which are the cause not only of inflammation of the eyes, but of every description of disease. From three to six of the above named Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time completely rid the body of every thing that is opposed to health, and therefore will most assuredly make a perfect cure of inflammation of the eyes, and at the same time the blood and other fluids will be of such a healthy quality, that diseases of any kind will be absolutely impossible.

Beware of counterfeits of all kinds! Some are coated with sugar; others are made to resemble in outward appearance the original medicine. The safest course is to purchase from the regular agents only, one or more of whom may be found in every village and town in the State.

The genuine for sale by **CHARLES H. CROCKER**, Paris Hill, Chatham, Mass.; J. H. Wardwell, Rutherford, John Blake & Co., Turner, Kimball & Crocker, Bethel, J. J. Goodnow, Livermore, Hiram Himes, Portland, Caleb Bess, Woodstock, and J. Hove, Norway.

New England Office, 108 Tremont Street, Boston.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations.

The unparalleled and astonishing efficacy of **DR. WISTAR'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY**, in all the diseases for which it is recommended, curing many cases after the skill of the best physicians was unavailing has effected a large and increasing demand for it. The fact has caused many unprincipled counterfeiters and imitators to palm off spurious mixtures of similar name and appearance, for the genuine Balm. Some are called "Syrup of Wild Cherry," "Balm of Sphered," "Wild Cherry Confection," &c. Another, "Wester's Balm of Wild Cherry," misrepresents the name, and forging certificates to resemble those of the true Balm. "Dr. Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry" is the only genuine. The rest merely imitate the name of the original, while they possess none of its virtues.

LOOK WELL TO THE MARKS OF THE GENUINE.

The genuine Balm is put up in bottles, with the words "Dr. Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry, Philadelphia, 1844," blown in the glass; each bottle bearing a label on the front, with the signature of **DR. WISTAR, M. D.** This will be enclosed herewith with a new paper, copyright 1844, on which will always appear the written signature of "I. BUTTS."

New Fall Goods!
At Low Retail Prices!!!

Carpetings!—Fashions!—Rugs!—Mats—
Shawls!—Silks!—Wools, &c., &c.,
JUST RECEIVED BY

SMITH & ROBINSON.

If you wish to save a large percentage in making your purchases, please call at

90 & 92 Middle Street, Portland,

before buying. We purchase mostly for cash, and can retail at the same prices at which goods are wholesale, to the truth of which thousands will attest; and having long experience in our business, and every facility for purchasing goods, we know that we are beyond competition. With untiring efforts in our preparations for the Fall and Winter Trade, we now offer to our customers, and particularly to our Country Friends, the largest Stock of Goods to be found in this City.

SHAWLS! SHAWLS! CARPETINGS.

All Wool, Cashmere, and Oil Cloths, Straw Carpet, every variety of Shawls, Rugs, Mats, &c., are at hand, and can be ordered at the lowest prices.

DRESS GOODS!—We have for the coming year, Cashmere, Merino, and all the latest styles of dress goods, at prices lower than ever before offered in this market.

WHITE GOODS!—Such as Check, Cambric, &c.,

Three Plys, Suits, Handkerchiefs, and all the latest styles of white goods, at prices lower than ever before offered in this market.

Wool Carpetings.—A great variety of cloths, Worsted, Cotton, and all the latest styles of wool carpetings, at prices lower than ever before offered in this market.

OIL CLOTHS.—from 3-4 to 5 yards wide, and very beautiful patterns.

PURE WHITE.

Live Geese Feathers.

COMMON do do

at whole and retail at the lowest Boston prices.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that we have our Feathers graded expressly for our trade, customers may be sure of getting the best article at the lowest price, by calling on us. If Feathers brought of us do not suit, we will refund the money.

Feathers cleaned or renovated at short notice.

MATRESSES! MATRESSES!

of Hair, Palm Leaf, and Cotton, always on hand, made over, or repaired.

OLD MATRESSES

BROAD CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SATINETS, TAILORS' TRIMMINGS, &c.

In conclusion, would say we have every article usually found in a

Dry Goods Store,

and invite all to examine our Goods.

SMITH & ROBINSON.

90 & 92 Middle Street, Portland.

Oct. 8, 1847.

Dissolution.

THE partnership heretofore existing under the name of

CROCKER, CUMMINGS & CO.,

is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

THOMAS CROCKER,

Paris, Oct. 9, 1847.

Old Iron! Old Iron!

10,000 LBS. Old Iron wanted by the subscriber in exchange for Stoves and Cash.

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, Oct. 12, 1847.

Sheet Iron!

RUSSIA and English Sheet Iron for sale at the Old Store Stand of

From New York!!

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!!!

JUST received from New York and Boston, and now opening, the largest and best Stock of Goods ever offered in this market. They were purchased at the lowest cash price, and will be sold accordingly.

The Stock consists of almost every variety and description of Goods adapted to the present season, such as

DRESS AND CLOAK GOODS.—PLAIN AND FICD SILK, some splendid Patterns.

FUR GOODS, Consisting of Buffalo Robes, Fitch, Lynx, Squirrel, and Jemmett MUFFS.

English, American and German

BROAD CLOTH.

DOE SKIN, BLUE, BLACK AND GOLD MIXED BEAVER CLOTH.

ALSO—A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF CARPETINGS, CARPET BAGS, RUGS, AND FEATHERS.

In fact, cannot be found, in this vicinity, a better assortment of Goods, or offered at lower prices, than I am now prepared to offer.

Wanted, In exchange for Goods, all kinds of Country Produce, Cotton and Wool, and all Wool Cloth, Knit Drivers, Stockings, Mittens, &c.

CASH Will be paid for **WOOL, WOOL SKINS, AND SHIPPING FURS.**

JEREMIAH HOWE, Norway-Village, Oct. 9, 1847.

SMITH'S PATENT

Trojan Pioneer Stove,

MANUFACTURED BY

LEWIS P. MEAD & CO.,

1 & 2 doors North of the Post Office, Augusta.

ALTIQUO completely adapted for burning wood, yet with Coal, for all Cooking and Heating purposes, it far surpasses any other Cooking apparatus that has been invented. It is so constructed that the large amount of cooking of the various kinds, that is done (in the most perfect manner), with the small amount of fuel that it requires.

The oven in this Stove is extremely large, being of sufficient capacity to admit six large sized pie plates, or six large loaves of bread, or even the largest pudding or corn cake to bake, at the same time. In addition to the advantages it has over other Cook Stoves, for boiling, baking, washing, frying, heating iron, &c., it is acknowledged by all who have used it, to be

Best Arrangement for Broiling & Roasting that has ever been in use, the steam from cooking, being carried off effectually.

The parts of this Stove can in one moment's time, be so disconnected as to make **Two Perfect Stoves**—one for broiling, and the other for roasting, at the same time. In cold weather, these may be connected.

When it is necessary for a fire in the front part of the Stove, it will operate the whole, and perform more kinds of work, with less fuel, than can be done in any other manner. Another improvement is a sliding damper on the top of the Stove, by which the heat is so regulated that the fire can be kept burning all night, so as to make it a complete

Fire-Tight Stove.

This Stove certainly has many advantages that no other Stove ever yet had. The Ovens are about the only ones in use which will bake with hard coal, and the heat of the Stoves need not be so strong as that of the Ovens will not take even with coal fire. There is another great advantage in the construction of this Stove, in first applying the heat to the bottom of the oven, and then to the top, and at the same time, the heat is so regulated that the fire can be kept burning all night, so as to make it a complete

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Executor's Sale.

BY virtue of a License from the Probate Court for Oxford County, will be sold at public Auction, at the dwelling house of Samuel B. Locke, Esquire, in Greenwood in said County, on Saturday, the thirtieth day of November next, at one o'clock P. M., two Lots of land belonging to the Estate of

ISAAC HOWE, late of said Greenwood, deceased, being Lot numbered Seven in the Eighth Range, and Lot numbered Nine in the Seventh Range, in said Greenwood. Terms made known at sale.

IRA M. HOWE, Executor.

CHRISTOPHER BRYANT, 23

Atlantic & St. Lawrence Rail Road.

SEVENTH ASSESSMENT.

THE Stockholders of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Rail Road Company are notified, that the seventh assessment of Five Dollars per share, on all the shares of the Company, has been made by the President and Directors, (being the fifth payment), and the same will be due and payable to the Treasurer, at his office, on the fifth day of November next.

CHAS. E. BARNETT, Treasurer.

Portland, Oct. 4, 1847.

Medicines, Medicines!

ROBERT NOYES

HAS FOR SALE

Antimony, Aqua Ammonia, Anisofutis, Brandy, Oil of Clove, Oil of Peppermint, Oil of Turpentine, Sal Soda, Sassafras, Sarsaparilla, Sugar Lead, Tartaric Acid, Verdigis,

and every variety of Pure Medicines, for Physicians' family use, which will be sold at the lowest prices.

Also, a large assortment of the most popular and useful PATENT MEDICINES of the day.

Likewise, a good variety of

Fancy Goods, Books & Stationery, always on hand, and for sale cheap.

Norway Village, Oct. 4, 1847.

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Turner, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-third day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-seven.

ON the Petition of **NANCY PERRY**, Widow of **LEVI PERRY**, late of Turner, in said County, deceased, praying an allowance out of the personal estate of her late husband.

It was Ordered, that the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

22 Copy—Attest: **GEO. K. SHAW, Register.**

At a Court of Probate held at Bethel, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twentieth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-seven.

ON the Petition of **MARTIN C. KEITH**, Guardian of **HEZEKIAH B. KEITH**, a minor child of said Martin, representing that said minor is owner of certain pieces of land in Turner, being a part of Lot numbered Fourteen, and that it would be for the interest of said minor that the same be sold, and the proceeds thereof put out on interest; and that he prays that license may be granted him to sell and convey the same.

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the nineteenth day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

22 Copy—Attest: **GEO. K. SHAW, Register.**

At a Court of Probate held at Bethel, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twentieth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-seven.

ON the Petition of **STEPHEN LEAVETT**, Administrator of the estate of **ABRAHAM LEAVETT**, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, praying that the personal estate of said deceased be sold, and the proceeds thereof put out on interest; and that he prays that license may be granted him to sell and convey the same.

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

22 Copy—Attest: **GEO. K. SHAW, Register.**

At a Court of Probate held at Bethel, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twentieth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-seven.

ON the Petition of **JOHN ELLINGWOOD**, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, praying that the personal estate of said deceased be sold, and the proceeds thereof put out on interest; and that he prays that license may be granted him to sell and convey the same.

It was Ordered, that the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

22 Copy—Attest: **GEO. K. SHAW, Register.**

At a Court of Probate held at Bethel, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twentieth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-seven.

ON the Petition of **MARY ANN WIGHT**, Widow of **THOMAS WIGHT**, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, praying an allowance out of the personal estate of her late husband.

It was Ordered, that the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

22 Copy—Attest: **GEO. K. SHAW, Register.**

At a Court of Probate held at Bethel, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twentieth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-seven.

ON the Petition of **MARY ANN WIGHT**, Widow of **THOMAS WIGHT**, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, praying an allowance out of the personal estate of her late husband.

It was Ordered, that the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

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At a Court of Probate held at Bethel, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twentieth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-seven.

ON the Petition of **MARY ANN WIGHT**, Widow of **THOMAS WIGHT**, late of Bethel, in said County, deceased, praying an allowance out of the personal estate of her late husband.

It was Ordered, that the said Widow give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

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At a Court of Probate held at Bethel, within and for the County of Oxford, on the twentieth day of September, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-seven.

ON the Petition of **MARY ANN WIGHT**, Widow of **THOMAS W**

